

EXCITEMENT WITH THE AMAZING FISHBOY INSIDE!

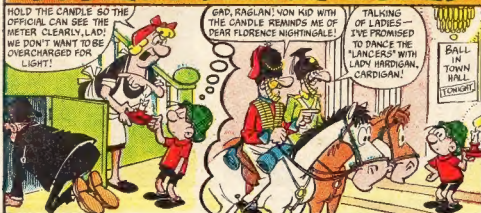
BUSTER 7d

and Giggle

EVERY MONDAY 15th JUNE, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.85; Deutschland Dm. 55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. 65; Norge Kr. 4.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. 60; Sverige Kr. 75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD



THE TWO-INCH HIGH SPACE-CREATURE FELL VICTIM TO THE POWERS OF AN AMAZING PLANT!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. His only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—were helping him to escape from police and troops when Jim suddenly tripped and tiny Galaxus was sent flying through the wide open window of a nearby flower shop...

THE TINY SPACE-CREATURE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO A LARGE, EXOTIC BLOOM...



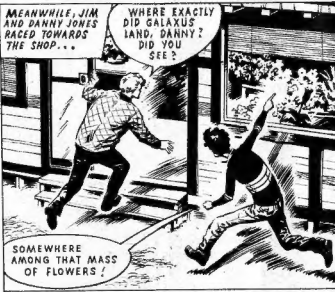
THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY, THE PETALS CLOSED AROUND HIM... AND HE WAS TRAPPED!

MUUUUUAH!



MEANWHILE, JIM AND DANNY JONES RACED TOWARDS THE SHOP...

WHERE EXACTLY DID GALAXUS LAND, DANNY? DID YOU SEE?



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE OWNER, AND QUICKLY THE BOYS BEGAN TO SEARCH...

GALAXUS, WHERE ARE YOU? CAN YOU HEAR US?



T-THAT WAS HIS VOICE! BUT WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

SOMEWHERE OVER HERE, I THINK! GALAXUS IS IN TROUBLE, DANNY—I KNOW HE IS...



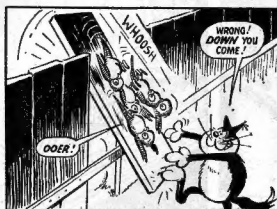




JIM AND DANNY KNOW TOO MUCH! WHAT WILL BE THEIR FATE? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES



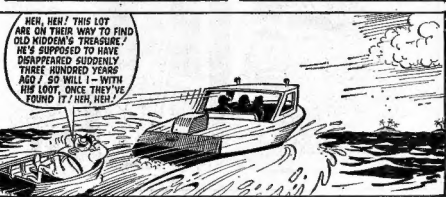
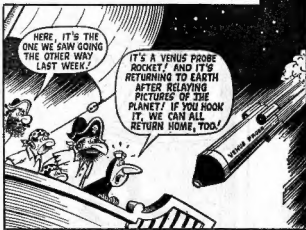
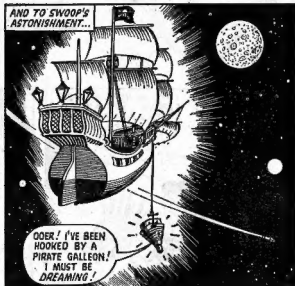
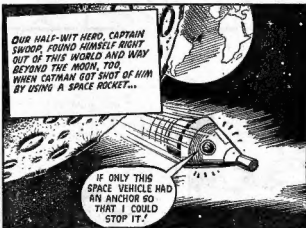
FULL MARKS TO A BUDGIE FOR GOING TO SCHOOL NEXT WEEK, PALS!

THINGS WERE FAR FROM SHIP-SHAPE IN SPACE... SWOOP WAS STOPPED BY A PIRATE GALLEON!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



COULD IT BE THAT SWOOP WILL DROP IN ON THE TREASURE SEEKERS, TOO? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE!

**Thumbs Up,
Mateo 'Mine!**

BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB



REMEMBER to give the Club thumbs-up sign whenever you meet another member. You're not in my Club? Cor... just think of all the fun and prizes you're missing; you can't enter my smashing competitions or win an award for spotting your birth date.

You'd better join quickly—it's free!—when I print the member-ship form again next week. *Buster*

From you to me...

You win five bob if your letter is printed on Club Page. Drop me a line!

I KNOW that BUSTER isn't read only by youngsters—sometimes my Club pals complain that they can't get at their comic until their older brothers and sisters—and even their Dads—have finished with it! However, Basilian member, Leonard Smith's letter is a new one on me! "Lastly, Mum has started retiring early one night a week so that she can take my comic to bed to read. I usually end up taking her a cup of tea as well. Helps her 'digest' it, I suppose."

Gerald Stamp of Liverpool has an unusual hobby—he collects footprints! "I use plaster to make a mould," he says, "and then I take another cast from the mould, so that I end up with a replica of the original footprint. I already have the footprints of a dog, cat, rabbit and fox—not to mention Mum's and Dad's!"

Blackpool member, Stephanie Dugan, writes to tell us about her little friend—a badger! "My brother-in-law found him starving in the country a few weeks ago," she writes, "and brought him home. Nobody expected him to live, but he seems very healthy now, and he never stops running around! Everyone warned us that badgers can't be tamed, but 'Bertie' is very friendly, and scratches on my shoe when he thinks it's feeding time. Dad says we'll have to give Bertie to the zoo when he's older, but I have a feeling that Dad will be too fond of him to let him go."

Spot Your Date? PICK A PRIZE!

WHOOPEE! Time to see how you fare in the Birth Date Game once more, pals! See if you can find your exact date of birth—day, month and year—among those dates on the right.

If you can, and you joined the Club before Tuesday, 4th June, you can win any of these awards: **Writing Folder, Model Vintage Car Kit, Fountain Pen, Pocket Knife, Disguise Outfit.**

Now all you have to do is solve this puzzle and you've won the prize.

A ROLLING BROTH GATHERS NO TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE STONE MOSS

There are two well-known sayings mixed up in the above jumble. All you do is sort them out and write them correctly on a postcard together with your full name, address date of birth (also your choice of prize). Mark the card "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner, and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 20th June—or 3rd October if you live overseas. Remember, you cannot win a Birth Date Award more than once!

Some dates are printed again from time to time, but this is done so that newcomers to the Club can join in the fun.

Prizes will be awarded for all correct entries from member whose dates are above and who joined the Club in time, providing they have not won before! More dates next week!

18th FEBRUARY, 1959

6th JULY, 1957

1st DECEMBER, 1955

22nd MAY, 1958

13th JUNE, 1960

29th SEPTEMBER, 1956



★ **MY ADDRESS:** Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

MINI HI-WAY SERIES LANDROVERS



A robust range of nine models each featuring a pressed steel body—no sharp edges. Full of realistic touches too, like seats, gear-lever, steering wheel, towing hook, and fold-flat windscreen.

Choose from:—
Army Land Rover, 10/6 (illus.).
Racing Car Trailer Set, 21/- (illus.).
Safari Truck, 10/6.
Safari Trailer Set, 18/11.
Window Cleaner Truck, 10/6.
Service Truck, 10/6.
Utility Trailer Set, 13/6.
Caravan Trailer Set, 23/11.
Horsebox Trailer Set, 21/-.



TRI-ANG TOYS LTD., MORDEN ROAD, LONDON S.W.19.

THE THREE MEN SHOWED NO MERCY—IT SEEMED FISHBOY WAS DOOMED!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in England, he set off to find them. Reaching the Mediterranean, he was captured by three men who had found an ancient Spanish treasure ship, and who mistakenly thought that Fishboy wanted the gold for himself. A hard blow felled the boy...



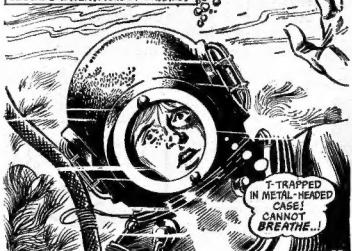
HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE UNCONSCIOUS FISHBOY WAS TRAPPED AND HELPLESS...



SWIFTLY, THE WEIGHTED SUIT SANK TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...



SECONDS LATER, FISHBOY STIRRED!



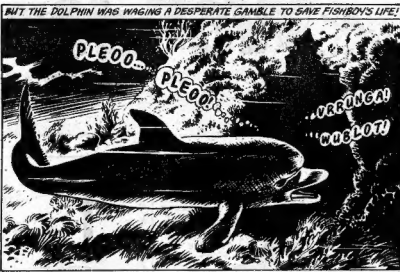
IN VAIN HE STRUGGLED—THEN A DOLPHIN HE HAD BEFRIENDED EARLIER SWAM ANXIOUSLY ALONGSIDE...



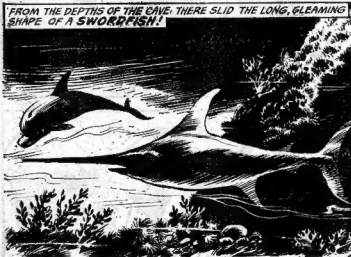
SUMMONED BY THE DOLPHIN, A SWORDFISH CAME TO THE BOY'S RESCUE!



BUT THE DOLPHIN WAS WAGING A DESPERATE GAMBLE TO SAVE FISHBOY'S LIFE!



FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE CAVE, THERE SLID THE LONG, GLEAMING SHAPE OF A SWORDFISH!



AND SECONDS LATER, HELP WAS AT HAND!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE FISH HACKED AND LUNGED AT THE THICK CANVAS.
UNTIL AT LAST...



HIS STRENGTH RETURNING, FISHBOY WRIGGLED GRIMLY OUT OF THE SUIT. HE THANKED HIS TWO FRIENDS, AND THEN...



ANGRILY, HE SWAM BACK TO WHERE THE WRECKED GALLEON LAY. AND IN THE HOLD...



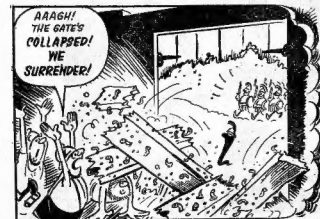
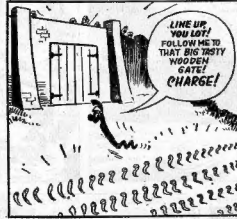
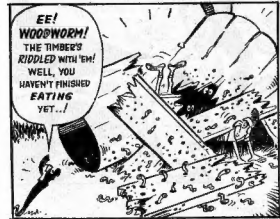
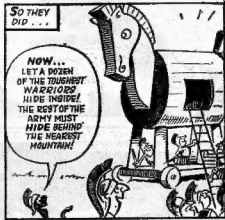
A SUDDEN GURGLING SOUND FROM ABOVE MADE FISHBOY STREAK FOR COVER...



WHO ARE THE "CLAW-TOED" FRIENDS OF FISHBOY—AND WHAT IS HIS PLAN? SEE NEXT WEEK!

ACCORDING TO THE GREEKS: "IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED—'TROY, TROY' AGAIN"!

Wonder Worm



NEXT WEEK'S TALE IS ABOUT JOUSTING—SO CHARGE OFF TO THE NEWSAGENT'S AND ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

CHARLIE TRIED HIS LUCK ON A ONE-ARMED BANDIT ... BUT THE RESULT DIDN'T BEAR FRUIT!

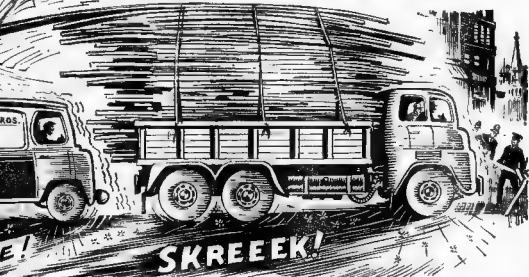
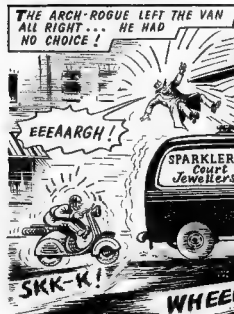
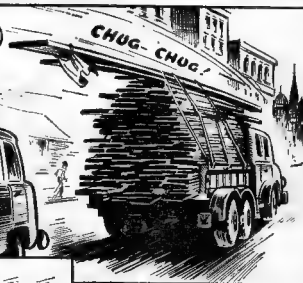
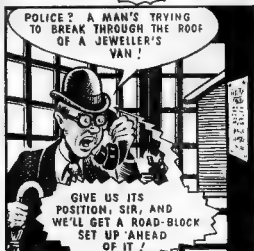
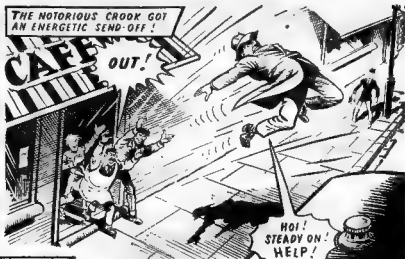
The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of *Charlie* Peace

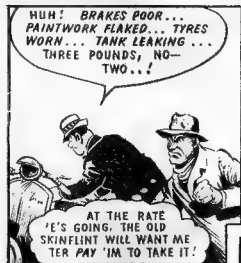


After being lured into a time-machine which transported him forward a hundred years, Charlie Peace found modern London far different from the Victorian city of old. He did manage to seek out his old hide-out, however. Not that he was content to stay there...



THE ARCH-ROGUE LITTLE REALISED THAT HE WAS SITTING ON A FORTUNE!



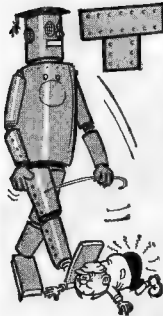


DON'T MISS THE ALL-ACTION ADVENTURE OF THE MASTER-THIEF IN NEXT MONDAY'S EDITION!

OUR BOYS COME UNDER PRESSURE—FROM GRAPE-TREADING FRENCHMEN!

TIN

TEACHER



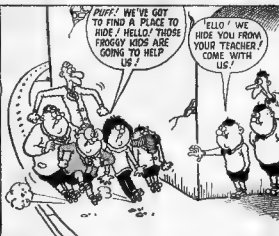
TIN TEACHER AND THE BOYS
WERE IN PLAIN, FIRST STOP
OF THEIR CONTINENTAL
HOLIDAY...



BLEEP! COME BACK AT ONCE,
YOU BOYS! WE STILL HAVE ONE
MORE FRENCH MUSEUM TO VISIT!



NOT LIKELY!
WE'VE HAD
ENOUGH! RUN, MATES!



PUFF! WE'VE GOT
TO FIND A PLACE TO
HIDE! HELLO! THOSE
FROGGY KIDS ARE
GOING TO HELP
US!

ELLO! WE
HIDE YOU FROM
YOUR TEACHER!
COME WITH
US!



IN ZAT VAT
YOU GO! HIDE
UNDER ZE
GRAPEES!

THANKS, MATES!
WE'LL DO THE SAME
FOR YOU WHEN YOU
VISIT ENGLAND
SOME DAY!



HO, HO, HO!
STAND BY FOR
GIGGLES!

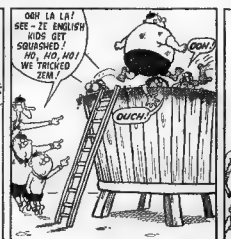
LUNCH BREAK
OVER, MES AMIS!
BACK TO
WORK!



LET US
TRAMPLE ZE
GRAPEES TO
MAKE ZE
WINE!



SQUEECH!



OHR LA LA!
SEE - ZE ENGLISH
KIDS GET
SQUASHED!
HO, HO, HO!
WE TRICKED
ZEM!



OOSH!
COME ON, LADS!
LET'S SCRAFF
THOSE GIGGLING
FROGGY
KIDS!



ZUT! ENGLISH SCHOOLBOYS
WILL NOT IMPROVE GOOD FRENCH
WINE! GET RID OF ZEM,
CONTRADES!



OW!

ZUT!

SPLOSH!



BLEEP! BEETLE, BRANNY,
AND THE REST OF YOU! COME
ON OUT! YOU CAN'T SWIM
IN FRUIT JUICE! NAUGHTY
BOYS! I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO BE AB
WINE! ABOUT!

THE EIFFEL TOWER HELPS THE FUN REACH NEW HEIGHTS NEXT MONDAY, PALS!

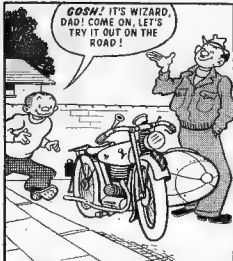
FUN-LOVERS! THIS IS RIGHT UP YOUR STREET!

SMILER

COME AND SEE
WHAT I'VE BOUGHT,
SMILER! IT'S OLD,
BUT I GOT IT
CHEAP!



GOSH! IT'S WIZARD,
DAD! COME ON, LET'S
TRY IT OUT ON THE
ROAD!



Honk!
Honk!

WHEEEEE! THIS
IS SMASHING! STEP
ON IT, DAD!



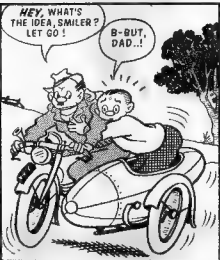
WOW! WHAT
WAS THAT
NOISE, DAD?

ONLY A
BACKFIRE, I
EXPECT,
SON!

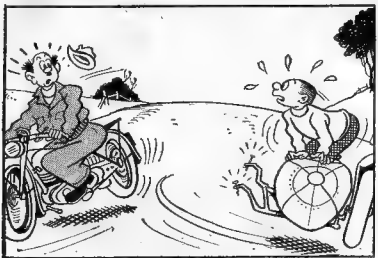


HEY, WHAT'S
THE IDEA, SMILER?
LET GO!

B-BUT,
DAD...!

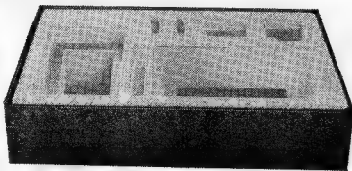


FOR THE
LAST TIME, SMILER,
LET GO!!!!

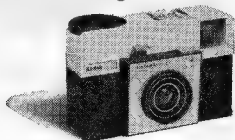


The Box of Clicks

(5 good reasons why
birthdays'll never be the same again.)



You may have heard about Kodak
Instamatic cameras. This one's the
Instamatic 25. You can load it, wind,
and start shooting in a few short seconds.



(We tucked in a carry-cord for
show-offs.)



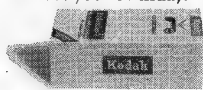
Then there's a flashcube. Clip it on the
holder provided and pop off some
pictures indoors.



To get you clicking right away, we've
included a ready-loaded cartridge of
Kodak colour film.

Fifth reason? The whole box of clicks
costs £4.11.8.* We call it the Kodak
Instamatic 25 colour outfit.

Fine.
When's your birthday?



Kodak

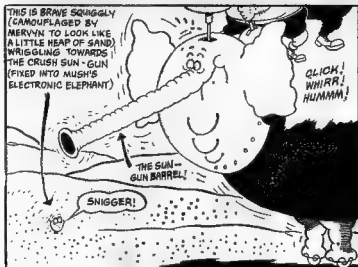
*Re. recommended retail price.

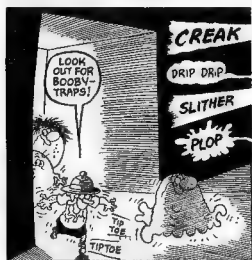
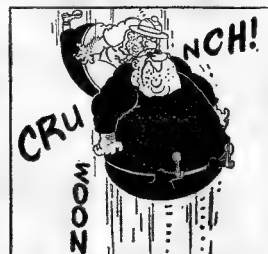
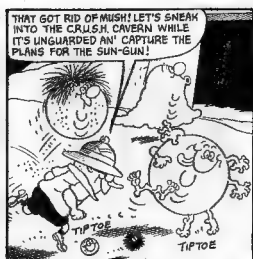
'Kodak' and 'Instamatic' are registered trade marks of Kodak Ltd.

MERVYN CERTAINLY HAS A BRIGHT IDEA OF HOW TO STOP THE SUN-GUN!

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Oscar Mush of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums), was up to no good in the desert, so Mervyn, boy wonder of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), investigated. Some of his strange pals went along, too...





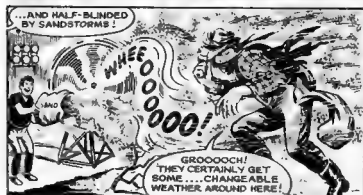
THIS WILL GIVE YOU FOOD FOR THOUGHT! WILL THE CROC MAKE A MEAL OF MERVYN? READ ON NEXT WEEK!

NO RESPIRE FOR FILM STAR NUTTY—HE'S ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE!

NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Nutty Slack's reputation as a wrestler had got him the job of stuntman in a jungle film in which he had to fight an actor dressed as a gorilla. Some rival stuntmen substituted a real gorilla, however, but Nutty finally defeated the beast. He was rewarded with more and more work...





IF ONLY ARTY KNEW HOW RIGHT HE WAS! NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE IS BANG-ON, CHUMS!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET

WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

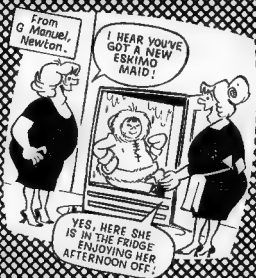
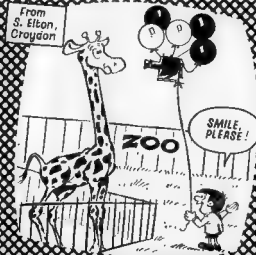
A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

1.....
2.....
3.....
If I win, the gift I choose is:.....

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO
YOUR POSTCARD.





TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

Surprising the Spooks.

TOM Arto was seated at his desk when the telephone rang. He picked up the receiver. "I am the Prime Minister of Flutter," said a voice. "Something's going on here. I'm in serious trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" asked Tom. "My house is haunted," replied the prime minister. "All night long I'm chased by busy spectres."

"Busy inspectors?" "No, no! Not busy inspectors. Busy spectres. Spooks. Ghosts. All night long they haunt me. I can't live in the house."

"Why don't you pull faces at 'em and frighten 'em off?" asked Tom. "Because I haven't got that sort of face," snapped the other. "Besides, they frightened me first."

"What do you wish me to do then?" inquired Tom with a sigh. "Speak up, don't keep me in the dark."

"Live in the house and see if you can get rid of them."

"How long has your house been haunted?" "Only this week. I can neither understand it, nor stand it."

"Very well," said Tom. "I will come over and clear up the mystery."

Losing no time, Tom soon arrived in the land of Flutter and met the prime minister. He had one of the biggest moustaches that Tom had ever seen.

"Now," said Tom, "what is the trouble?"

"Trouble?" said the other. "I'm full of it!"

As he spoke his huge moustache left his face and stuck to the ceiling.

"See that?" he croaked. "My moustache has gone! That's the kind of thing that's happening all day!"

"I should get it back if I were you," said Tom. "It covers up most of your face and you don't look too pretty without it."

"Get it back!" roared the prime minister. "How can I? A ghost did that. I will not stay in this house another minute."

As he spoke, his moustache returned to his face but stuck itself on upside down so that he could not see where he was going.



"Bah! I'm off," said the prime minister, yanking his moustache round into its proper position. Then he went.

Left alone, Tom had a good look around the house and decided to wait until night time when the ghosts should appear.

In the passage leading to the bedroom, Tom passed a large suit of armour.

"Ta-ta!" it said, catching him by surprise. "What?" said Tom, clearly puzzled.

"Ta-ta!" repeated the armour. "Or if you prefer it: toodle-oo!"

"Who are you?" asked Tom sternly. "I'm a Knight," replied the armour. "Good-night!"

"Night-night, knight," said Tom, and went on his way. He was on the scent all right.

Tom decided to ignore this, and he climbed into the bed. Next moment he received a violent push in the back which sent him flying over the bed and on to the floor at the far side.

"Who did that?" Tom cried. "Did what?" said a voice. "Pushed me!" said Tom.

"Never saw anything," replied the voice. "Are you a spook?" asked Tom.

"I just 'spook' to you, didn't I?" came the voice.

"You're an imposter," said Tom. "I'm not a billposter—I'm a ghost."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Tom. Instantly, there came the sound of an orchestra. Tom looked round, but could see nothing.

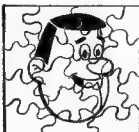
"Stop that row!" he shouted. "You asked for fiddlesticks, so you've got 'em," said the voice.

"It's a horrible noise," said Tom. "I want something sweet."

Almost at once he felt something sticky running down his face.

"What's this?" he cried. "You asked for something sweet. That's treacle."

TOM WAS PUZZLED



Later, Tom was just dozing off when he heard a voice.

"Ha, ha!" it said. "Who said that?" he demanded. "Said what?"

"Said 'ha, ha!'" "Two of us. We said one 'ha' each."

After this, there was quietness for a while... then Tom heard noises downstairs. He got out of bed and crept from the room.

Getting up already? He stole the voice. Tom did not reply. He stole softly down to the room below and peeped round the door.

It was the prime minister's study. Leaning over the safe was a figure in white. What struck Tom as peculiar was the fact that the ghost was wearing hobnail boots!

The spook was fiddling with the combination lock.

Of course locks don't make very good fiddles, but it was a better row than playing on the lino.

Anyhow, the spook had got the wrong key. A skeleton key would have helped him break into song without breaking his neck doing it.

Tom stepped up behind the figure, and made a sudden grab at it. He heard a tearing sound as the white sheet gave way in his grasp.

"Got you!" he said. "Wow!" said the ghost.

After a brief struggle the imitation ghost gave in and confessed.

Apparently, there was a crowd of them in the house, and they were all spies. Their task had been to frighten the prime minister out of his house and thus give them the opportunity of laying their hands on a secret formula for making invisible invisibility tablets which they knew to be in the safe.

All were dressed in sheets to represent ghosts, and the strange voices were sent out by microphones in another room. The treacle had been dropped through a trapdoor in the ceiling.

Tom soon rounded up the spy gang and the prime minister was delighted to hear that his house was not haunted after all and that his secret formula was safe.

Once again, our hero had succeeded where all else—and Fred—had failed.

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in next week's "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!)

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NEXT WEEK in

BUSTER and GIGGLE...

the first fun-filled appearance of comical

PROFESSOR NUTCASE!

HE'S A RIOT, PALS!

THE CREATIVE SKILLS OF ADRIAN MARVEL SURPRISED EVEN HIS SON!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel was the guardian of the Multi-Gun, which he alone could change into a real weapon by uttering certain key words. In the Amazon, Micky and his father were trying to find Doctor Zinn, who led a force of prehistoric monsters. At a village which had been attacked by Zinn, the Marvels prepared to follow the trail of the huge beasts...

THE HEADMAN OF THE RIVER-DWELLERS PLEADED WITH DR. MARVEL...

DO NOT GO, SENOR MARVEL! BEYOND THIS VILLAGE LIES THE DOMAIN OF THE JAVIRO INDIANS - THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF THE AMAZON.

THAT'S A RISK WE'VE GOT TO TAKE, AMANCIO.

ADRIAN MARVEL CLIMBED BACK INTO HIS AMAZING AQUA-BUS...

BUT THE RAIN-Forest IS FAST AND DANGEROUS! IT WILL TAKE YOU MANY DAYS TO PENETRATE IT ON FOOT.

I DON'T PROPOSE TO WALK, MY FRIEND...



WATCH THIS! IT'S A LITTLE ADJUSTMENT I'VE MADE TO THE AQUA-BUS THAT NOT EVEN MICKY KNOWS ABOUT.

HEY! THOSE RIVETS ARE EXPLODING FROM THE HULL...

THOING!

POP!

NEXT MOMENT...



WOH! THE WHOLE COCKPIT SECTION OF THE BUS IS LIFTING AWAY FROM THE MAIN BODY.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, MICKY?

WHEEOM!



...A TWO-MAN HORRORCOM! NOT EVEN THE AMAZON WARMAHS CAN STOP US NOW!

GOSH! IT'S BRASHING, DAD!



ALL WE NEED NOW IS THE MULTI-GUN!

I'VE ALREADY REFILLED MY POUCHES WITH SPELLMAN'S TOY AMMO-SHIP, DAD.

NOTHING COULD WITHSTAND THE SUPER POWERS OF THE MULTI-GUN!

THE LITTLE SPACE-CRAFT, FILLED WITH PLASTIC AMMUNITION, HAD BEEN SENT BY THE MYSTERIOUS OLD TOYMAKER WHO HAD PRESENTED MICKY WITH THE MULTI-GUN!



Continued overleaf...



Eat the ice cream
inside me first then
use me as a playball

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MINIBALL



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Mackintosh's daft doodle game

Take a look at the DAFT DOODLE on the right and see if you can give it a crazy title. When you have thought up a title, turn this page upside-down and see if it is better than the three titles we have given you. Do you want some more DAFT DOODLES to try out on your friends? There's one on the inside of every Toffo wrapper that has the special 'flash' on the outside—and you get a whole lot of creamy toffee, too!!! Start collecting the full set of 12 **now!**

ON MINT AND LIQUORICE TOFFO TOO



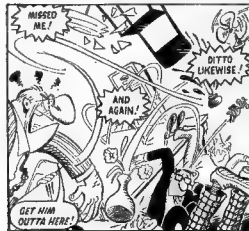
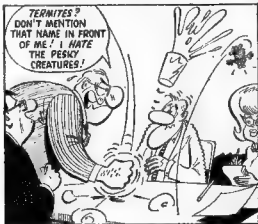
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THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



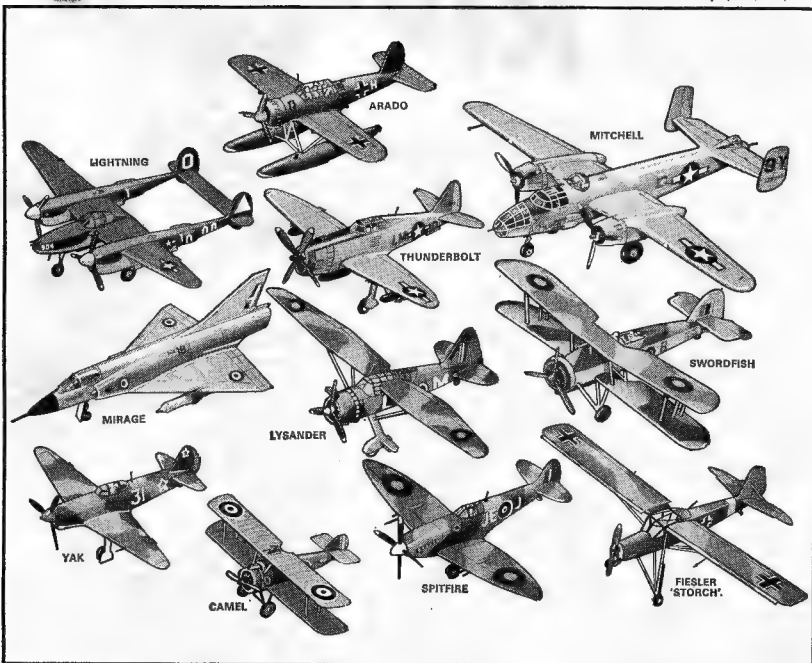


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The SKID KIDS



Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, were taking part in a London-to-Cape Town air race, flying a home-made machine designed by Brainbox. Over North Africa they saw the crew of another plane bale out. Then...



SIMON NEEDED ALL HIS SKILL TO AVOID THE DIVING, UNMANNED AIRCRAFT...

G-GOT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE PARACHUTES... WE'LL FOLLOW THEM DOWN TO GIVE ASSISTANCE!

GOLLY, THAT WAS CLOSE! WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN DOOMED, TOO!



THAT'S THE END OF THEIR PLANE! I BET THOSE CHAPS ARE GLAD THEY MANAGED TO BALE OUT!

WE'D BETTER LAND!



ON THE BEACH...

MAYBE THEY'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE US A LIFT!

I SHOULDN'T THINK SO... THEIR AIRCRAFT IS TOO SMALL!

BRAINBOX AND SIMON SCRAMBLED FROM THEIR AIRCRAFT...

WE'LL RADIO CAIRO AIRPORT AND ASK THEM TO SEND A HELICOPTER TO PICK YOU UP!

THANKS FOR HELPING, PALS! SORRY ABOUT OUR PLANE NEARLY BASHING INTO YOU... THE ENGINE CAUGHT FIRE! WE HAD TO JUMP FOR OUR LIVES!

THE SKID KIDS SUPPLIED THE STRANDED ARMEN WITH RATIONS...

THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER HERE TO KEEP YOU GOING UNTIL YOU'RE RESCUED!

PITY ABOUT YOUR PLANE... IT'S A WRITE OFF! NO HOPE OF REPAIRING IT!



MINUTES LATER, BRAINBOX AND SIMON PREPARED TO TAKE OFF...

LOOK! NOW THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!

THEY'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND... THE SAND'S TOO SOFT!



OH LOR! SEEMS LIKE WE'RE STRANDED, TOO...

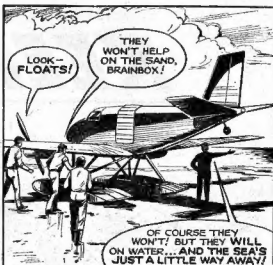
IF YOU CAN'T TAKE-OFF, WE'RE ALL IN A FIX! YOUR RADIO WON'T BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BE HEARD IN CAIRO FROM HERE! IT MAY BE DAYS BEFORE WE'RE FOUND...

DON'T WORRY, I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA...

BRAINBOX SET TO WORK...



A FEW HOURS LATER...

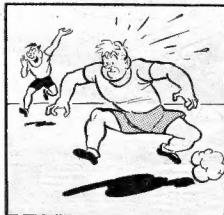
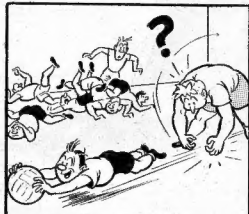
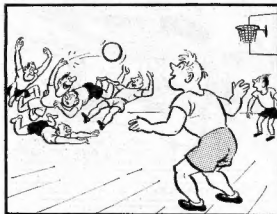


WILL THE ARABS OVERCOME SIMON AND BRAINBOX? FIND OUT IN NEXT MONDAY'S DRAMATIC EPISODE!

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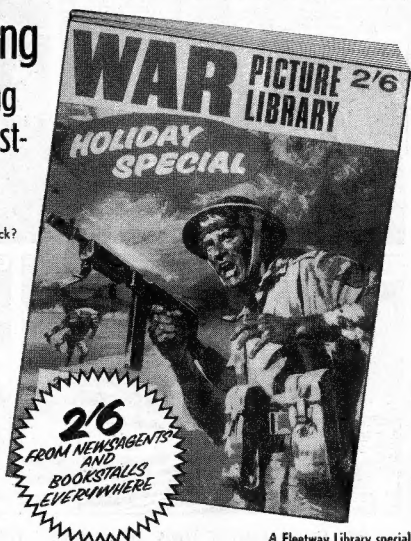
SHIP O' THE LINE

The crew fought hard before the name of their ship could be uttered with pride.

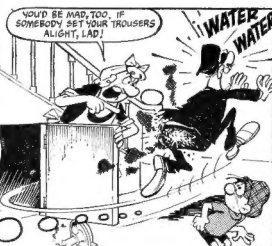
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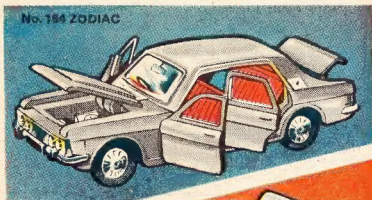
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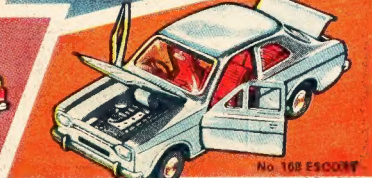
No. 159 CORTINA



No. 164 ZODIAC



No. 205 LOTUS CORTINA RALLY CAR

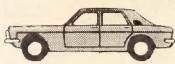


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